

REDACTED's Log - August 6th, 1976:

I have decided to log The Process of me doing this; it just feels better if I'm organized. First off, I would like to state that despite the fact that I am extremely angry and disgusted with what he's doing, I have to find a way to properly track how this goes. I currently don't know how to stop him even though a recurring idea comes to mind, a slightly foolish one.

There's no way the authorities would believe me, I could report him for his planned "activities," but they would most likely not trust me. So, I've decided to take matters into my own hands. I will do it, somehow.

It just really hurts me to see that he has decided to live a life like this, but with the way things happened, this wasn't an unlikely outcome.

But I didn't think he'd turn into that, and just how delusional is he now? How long have these horrible thoughts been running

through his head?

When I was there, I viewed a good majority of the notes, enough to make someone think he's absolutely insane. But regarding his future "projects," those confirm his unstable mentality.

The "bloodline" though, that's something that completely stuns me. To think something like that could've possibly existed, and he wants to revive it! I think one of those papers said something about several other "members" having been "awoken."

We had met after not knowing of each other's existence and we're both surprised that the other even existed. Mother never told me of him, nor did she mention that I had any siblings.

Anyways, we had known each other for a few months and we're getting to know one another quite well. We had several of the same interests, likes, dislikes, and the same love for science.

It was in June when he was moving into his

new home over in **REDACTED** in Houston, Texas. I came over to check the place out, expecting nothing more than a mostly-empty home.

It was nice house, wide and equipped with a spacious backyard. He showed me around it for about a half-hour, before telling me to check out the back-room, while he went to go make a call.

It was mostly empty; a few picture frames here and there. But the strangest thing was the large boxes of what seem to be paper lined up against the wall. Seeing as I'm a polite person, I decided to leave that stuff alone and exit the room. But one of the papers had seemed to have fallen out of one of the boxes and my curiosity got the best of me.

It didn't help that a large drawing of what looked like a spider was on it. Deciding that I would just look at the paper real quick and be on my way, I walked over to where it was.

It was a spider, with notes all around the "design." I'm still trying to comprehend how

he even thinks that is remotely possible. After being perplexed by the bizarre words on the front of the paper, I turned it around to the back. On the back were words saying things like "purification shall arise" and "save her, kill the others."

Just a lot of madman scribbles. I was so confused; I needed to see what else was in those boxes. Before I knew it, I had read almost half a box of paper. The things that he had written down, the things that had come from his own mind.

Fiery Ruling, mass murder, torture methods, horrid science experiments. I sat there wide-eyed and shocked, I couldn't read anymore. I had to confront him on this matter.

Was this why he had looked so tired in the last few weeks, why he often brought up "world problems" and "cleansing" in conversations?

As I got up, though, I heard the door to the room open and close.

"So you find out my dirty little secret, huh?" I didn't know how to respond, how could I

respond?

“You know **REDACTED**, that was kind of the point of me sending you in here.”

“Adel-”

“I’m glad that you know, brother. I need you to know about this.”

I stood up quickly, not knowing what to think, or do.

“I actually wanted to ask you if you were interested.”

I can’t continue this right now, I think I’m about to vomit.

I’m still amused